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No. 26

Washington, Jan. 6.—The latest estimate of the population of continental United States places the figure at 96,486,000 on January 2, 1913. This figure was used by the Treasury Department experts in determining that of the total money in circulation in this country on that date \$3,369,737,690, the amount per capita was \$34.72.

IT WAS EVER THUS

Another Proof of How Sentiment Rules and Governs Even the Most Dignified.

By ALVAN JORDAN GARTH.

Jarnigan sat at his desk in the bank supremely satisfied with himself, with the institution of which he was an efficient and valued official, and with the results of a good day's work. There was no sentiment about Jarnigan, at least so he told himself. System was his hobby. Pace, manner and methods were all made subservient to a dignified unvarying rule. To Jarnigan men fitted into the bank measure, or didn't. In one case they were taken into fostering financial arms protectively. Per contra, the useless, the delinquent and the utterly bad were cast as rubbish to the void.

No scheming promoter or "Not sufficient funds" man had ever "put it over" on Jarnigan. He had the record of the bank for sizing up a borrower just right, and shutting him off dead short at the first hint of shrinking deposits or insipid collateral. Two or three cases in this category had passed the shrewd censure of the efficient cashier that day. Jarnigan had been congratulated for discovering a defect in a bond issue the institution had come very near handling. He felt pretty good, and rubbed his hands together with a pleased sense of being a strict follower of banking ethics, with no sentiment standing between his good judgment and the best interests of the bank.

A bank book was passed across the counter slab and directly under his



"You Are Sure of That?"

eyes. Usually chary of glances or greetings that took time, and therefore cost money, as was his wont, Jarnigan was about to give the case the attention it might require, when he noticed that a shapely gloved hand had pushed the book over to him.

The bank man looked up sharply to stare steadily. He was looking into the fairest face he had ever seen. It was that of a young girl, very neatly but plainly dressed. A wistful mournfulness in her eyes seemed to appeal for sympathy and kindly attention.

"What is it, miss?" spoke Jarnigan, a trifle less peremptory than was his custom. "Ah, I see," he added as he opened the book and found enclosed a check for five hundred dollars, signed "Robert Dalziel."

"I see. And this is his bank book. Very good," continued Jarnigan. "He wishes to draw out his entire balance and the check is made out to you."

"I do not wish the cash," explained the young lady. "I would like to have the account carried in my name—now."

"Could not your brother come with you for purposes of identification?" "My brother," replied the girl in a voice very near to tears, "is—in prison."

Jarnigan did not reply. He felt a strange wave of pity sweep over him. Then, methodically, as usual, he made out a new book, and presented it with the necessary documents to the girl. "It's all right," he soliloquized, as she thanked him in a low tone, and he watched her graceful form clear to the doorway.

Somehow the incident lingered in the mind of the bank man. Somehow, too, he hoped the girl would come again. Several days passed by, and one morning an elderly lady presented a check for twenty dollars, signed by "Ida Dalziel." The receiving teller sent her to Mr. Jarnigan.

"That is all right," observed Jarnigan, scanning the signature, "but you will have to be identified."

"I fear I do not know anybody down town," said the lady. "I live with Miss Dalziel."

"I am sorry," said Jarnigan, "but we have a strict rule as to strangers. By the way," and he felt a conscious flush, "tell Miss Dalziel I will send the cash by messenger, who will explain to her how she may 'O. K.' her checks, so there will be no further trouble when they come in."

All that afternoon Jarnigan was in a strange mood. He went to the bank files and got the card address of the fair depositor. He caught himself thinking of her in the very midst of important business. Then he arrived at a decision. He would take the

money to Miss Dalziel herself. Why not?

Everything about the little flat and its two occupants bespoke refinement as Jarnigan entered the Dalziel apartments. He was asked to sit down. Before he knew it, his mission of business ended in an hour's stay.

Miss Dalziel told a pitiful story. Her brother, Ernest, had been for years the trusted employee of a large diamond house. One day he was arrested. Forty thousand dollars worth of gems were found missing. Dalziel was accused. A few small diamonds were found in his desk, placed there by some one, he declared. The stolen gems were not found, and he was sentenced to the penitentiary for ten years.

"Innocent!" insisted Ida, in tears. "And we know the guilty one."

"You are sure of that?" inquired Jarnigan, eager and interested. "Yes, it was James Hope, the chief clerk. He placed the guilt on my brother. Ernest says he knows that Hope has hidden the gems away until he can safely dispose of them. Hope is a bad man. My brother found a letter to him, in which a convict in the Ohio penitentiary charged him with getting him into trouble, and then leaving him to bear the brunt of the crime. He wrote that he tried for but one thing—to escape, and then he swore to kill Hope."

"Have you that letter?" asked Jarnigan.

"Yes," replied Ida. "Give it to me. I want to think over the case."

Somehow the progress of "the case" furnished an excuse to the bank man to call twice during the next week.

The one following he appeared with suppressed excitement and satisfaction in his manner.

"Miss Dalziel," he said, as they were seated alone, "I have good news for you. The missing diamonds and James Hope, the man who stole them, are in the hands of the police."

"And my brother?" cried Ida, clasping her hands in suspense.

"Will be a free man within a few days."

There the overcome young lady fainted away, and, holding her in his arms and gazing on her lovely face, Jarnigan took a final step—he kissed her.

"That letter," he told her later, "gave me a clue. I acted upon the theory that Hope was in mortal terror of the man he had sent to prison. I hired a newspaper friend near the Ohio penitentiary to print a story of the convict's escape. I saw that Hope got it. Our bank detective shadowed him. He went to a lonely house and secured the stolen gems. Thence he proceeded to a railway ticket office, and then we nabbed him, finding the gems upon him. The chain of evidence was complete."

"Oh, how shall we thank you?" cried Ida, her eyes suffused with mingled tears of joy and gratitude.

Jarnigan, the man with no sentiment, looked her in the eyes.

"By giving me your love, if you can," he said, and for reply she placed both her hands within his own. (Copyright, 1912, by W. G. Chapman.)

FIRST OF WORLD'S MOSQUES

Interesting Legends That Are Connected With Famous St. Sophia in Constantinople.

"Famed throughout the world for its beautiful architecture, the mosque of St. Sophia has a legend that acquires sudden interest now," writes a European correspondent of the Daily News. "Originally the mosque was a Christian church. The priest was in the act of celebrating mass on that memorable 29th of May, 1453, when Sultan Mohammed rode his horse into the sacred edifice, followed by his victorious Turks, and began slaughtering the Christians. The priest fled from the altar, passing through a small door behind it, but when the pursuing Turks reached the spot, intending to follow the priest, they found but a blank wall—the door had disappeared, and all traces of the fugitive were gone. But the story goes that when once again the mosque of St. Sophia becomes a Christian place of worship, the wall will open of its own accord and reveal the secret door out of which the aged priest will step forth to conclude the celebration of the mass at the altar."

"Another legend, recounted even by the Turks themselves, tells of two monumental candles built into the apex of the mosque. On every high Christian festival these candles are supernaturally set alight. When these candles are quite burnt down into their sockets the Turkish domination will be over, and the mosque of holy wisdom will be a Christian church once more."

"The Balkan allies are now wondering how far the candles have been consumed, and hoping that the present year may witness the fulfillment of this ancient prophecy."

Groping for a Genius.

Anybody, from the millionaire down to a cook, can write a good play. This is a fact, and must be true, because all of them, laying aside for the moment their overmastering mode, will tell you so.

This is what the manager of a great theatrical business in New York said the other day.

"It is the hardest thing imaginable to find a good play. Our concern has read a thousand plays a year for the last seven years, a total of seven thousand and out of that number we have not found a single play worth using. Anybody can write a play but mightily few can write it right."—The Popular Magazine.

NORA'S BLUE EYES

One of Many Romances of the Great Receiving Room at Ellis Island.

By HAROLD CARTER.

Dr. Sergius O'Flannahan, stationed at his post in the great receiving room at Ellis Island, examining immigrants for trachoma, let his hands fall upon his apron and gasped. He found himself staring into a sweet face upturned twinkled with fun and then suddenly to his mind into two blue eyes that clouded with sorrow.

"Nora Muleahy!" he muttered. "Glory be! I guess there's nothing the matter with your eyes, Nora. How did you get here?"

"Whist! You're holding me the line, Sergius," said Nora. "I'll see you afterward at the place they're sending me to, unless they won't let me go there."

Then she was gone and Sergius O'Flannahan was resuming his daily prosaic task of examining eyes. He looked into several hundred pairs that morning, but none of these affected him in the least like the blue eyes of Nora Muleahy, his former sweetheart.

"Muleahy?" asked the official to whom he applied. He turned to his register. "That little Irish girl? They're holding her in the detention room until her name comes. He was to have met her. They won't let her in if he doesn't come."

So Sergius found her in the detention room, her eyes piteously red, her face white, her lips trembling. At the sight of him a faint smile came to her lips, and presently she was twinkling



"Nora, Is It Too Late?" He asked Softly.

with laughter again. Nora was never sad for more than a few minutes together.

"Sure, Nora, this is a bad business," said the young doctor, sitting down beside her. "I hear you're to be married."

"That I am," answered Nora, looking aside at him.

"It's a bad business," said O'Flannahan again. "Who is it, Nora darlin'?" "You mustn't call me that, Sergius, nor squeeze my hand," said Nora primly. "I wouldn't have thought it of you, Doctor O'Flannahan."

"I'm not squeezing it, Nora; I'm just holding it," said Sergius, and, as she made no protest, he continued holding it. "Who is the lucky man?" he continued. "Is it Piggy MacShane?"

"Now do you think that I'd be after marryin' MacShane?" cried Nora indignantly. "No, indeed I isn't." "Then it's Terry MacBride; bad luck to him," cried Sergius. "I knew he'd get you, Nora, if you didn't take care. Is it MacBride?"

"No, it isn't MacBride," said Nora faintly. "And please—please don't ask me. You'd be so jealous."

"Then I know who it is for sure," said the young doctor. "It's Ellis O'Flaherty. Ellis, who always boasted that he'd get you and went to Chicago four years ago and made his pile fattenin' pigs."

"And what if he does fatten pigs, Sergius O'Flannahan?" exclaimed Nora indignantly. "He's worth his ten thousand dollars today, is Ellis, if he's worth a penny. Mind you," she added, "I'm not saying that it is Ellis, though."

"I know it's Ellis," answered Sergius O'Flannahan gloomily. "I knew he'd get you. He always beat me out of everything. Do you remember when he won the pig at the fair by staying on the mule when I got pitched into the mud? He was always great on pigs, Ellis was. Ah, Nora, if only you hadn't turned me down when I asked you, before I left the Old Sod to walk a lonely wanderer over the earth. Twice I asked you and each time you said no."

"Twice!" exclaimed Nora. "Why, Ellis asked me seven times before he sailed and wrote me five times afterward. Why didn't you try me again, Sergius?" she continued softly.

The young doctor edged closer to ward her. "You'd—would have taken me, Nora?" he whispered.

Then he saw that the tears stood in her eyes again. He clasped her in his arms, and she did not resist but lay there.

"Nora, is it too late?" he asked

softly. "We were a couple of young fools to quarrel over nothing at all, ashore. And all the years I've been in America I've been seeing your sweet face before me night and day, darlin'." And when I wrote you from Newark, when I had my last job there, I was sure you'd come out to me, but you didn't even answer me. Wouldn't you rather take a fine, rising young doctor with a government job than old Ellis O'Flaherty, with his ten thousand dollars and his pig-sticking?"

Nora was smiling up at him as she lay in his arms.

"Yes, Sergius, darling, I'd like to," she whispered. "But now—now that they've sent a telegram to the man I've come out to marry I'm afraid it's too late. He may be here any moment. And how would I look, walking off with the doctor? If only I'd known you were here. How long have you been at Ellis Island, Sergius?"

"A month last Saturday," the doctor answered. "Why?"

"O. nothing," sighed Nora.

"Nora, ashore," whispered Sergius, "it isn't too late. I think I can square the folks here. They can't hold you so long as you've got some means of support. And I can support you, Nora, yes, even if I lose my place in consequence. And I guess a woman's always privileged to change her mind."

"And what about Ellis, Sergius?" inquired Nora demurely.

"It is Ellis, then?"

"I'm not saying it's Ellis," Nora protested.

Sergius O'Flannahan snatched his fingers. "Nora," he said, "you always were a tease. If I'd had a grain of sense in the old days I'd have captured you and carried you to the priest and made you marry me before you knew what I was doing to you. But it isn't too late yet. And as for Ellis, a man who lets a chance like you slip through his fingers isn't worth the having. Now I've got you and I'm going to keep you. Come along and see the commissioner."

He led her out of the detention room, along the corridor, and up the stairs to the room in which the offices of the commissioner are situated. He paused at the door.

"I'd like to see you a minute, sir," he called.

"Come in, O'Flannahan," the commissioner answered. "Let the lady come in. By the way, here's a telegram just come for you. I held it here, knowing you'd be up for the board meeting. You'd better open it."

The doctor tore open the envelope and pulled out the missive inside. He read:

"Yes, Sergius, Nora."

It had been resent from Newark. And the place of dispatch was Ellis Island.

Nora was looking over his shoulder. Now, as he began to understand, she snatched the telegram out of his hands.

"Don't you understand, you stupid?" she whispered. "It was you. I sent it to you at Newark when I landed here. It's you, you, you, and not Ellis O'Flaherty at all."

A sound behind them made them start. The commissioner, with his back turned, was coughing exceedingly loudly. "I beg your pardon, doctor," he said, turning round. "What was it that you wanted to see me about?" (Copyright, 1912, by W. G. Chapman.)

JUDGE WILLING TO PLEASE

Protesting Prisoner Escaped With Light Sentence After He Had Put Up an Argument.

Judges were very considerate in the old days. Lord Brampton, in his "Reminiscences," relates a story illustrating this:

Baron Martin, a famous English jurist of the old school, whose native leniency and sense of fun often placed him at the mercy of the very men he was trying, was once about to sentence an old offender charged with a petty theft.

"Look," said the baron, with an assumption of severity: "I hardly know what to do, but you can take six months."

"I can't take that, my lord; it's too much," said the prisoner, respectfully but firmly. "I can't take it. Your lordship sees I didn't steal very much, after all."

The baron indulged in one of his low, chuckling laughs before replying:

"Well, that's very true; ye didn't steal much," he said. "Well, then, ye can take four months. Will that do—four months?"

"Nay, my lord, but I can't take that, either," was the reply.

"Then tak' three."

"That's nearer the mark, my lord," the prisoner said, approvingly. "But I'd rather you made it two, if you will be so kind."

"Vorra well, then, tak' two," said the judge, with the air of one who is pleased to have done the right thing at last. "And mind, don't come again. If you do I'll give yer—well, it all depends!"

Forty and a Bittock.

The novelist, Barrie, has given a new phrase, a Scottish phrase which may be adopted into the English language. It is to take the place of the awkwardly polite terms of "a woman of uncertain age," or "on the wrong side of forty," or "of years of discretion." His phrase is "forty and a bittock." A "bittock" is Scotch for a bit more or a short distance. It may mean five years or twenty years. In the case of Madame Yale, Lilian Russell or that woman of imperishable youth, Sarah Bernhardt, it might mean even more years beyond forty.

ALL THE MAN'S FAULT

By GERTRUDE MILLETT.

"No," said Bella, "I'll not go with you on a lake boat this year. I have too vivid a recollection of my last lake trip. Mrs. Clark invited me to go to Escanaba with her and Fay on a freight boat. I was delighted. Fay had been on the trip before and she reported that she had the time of her life."

"The trip to Escanaba was a dream. The captain and sailors could not do enough for us. It was moonlight and the lake looked beautiful. I felt as if I was on a private yacht. It was perfect till we started back."

"At Escanaba they loaded the boat with tons of iron ore. The vessel sank deeper and deeper into the water, until it began to look like a submarine. Then when we started for Chicago we were towing a barge loaded with more tons and tons of ore."

"We had been on our way a day, when I saw that the sky looked like lead, with ugly yellow streaks across it. I said to Mrs. Clark, 'I think we shall have a storm.'"

"You know how optimistic she is! With that sky above us, she gayly remarked, 'Oh, you think so?'"

"It was not long before the storm broke. The wind came suddenly and the rain came down like an overturned sea. We hurried into the protection of the cabin and watched the storm."

"It was awful the way the boat creaked. I will say nothing about the way it rocked. The rope which pulled the barge broke like a thread. In a few minutes it seemed miles away."

"Presently I saw a sailor make his way to the lifeboat. I watched him anxiously. He was working at the ropes."

"I said to Mrs. Clark, 'He is going to lower the lifeboat and you must know what that means.'"

"She did not answer me, but pushed the screen door open and rushed up to the man, pulled his sleeve and asked, 'Are you going to lower the lifeboat?' He paid no attention to her."

"She came back, threw herself into a seat and sobbed. 'I shall never see my husband again.'"

"Tables and chairs were sliding about. In despair I dropped upon the floor. Oh, why did I ever come! Tons of iron below me! I could see the boat go down into the lake like a cannon ball."

"I know when I strike the water," I cried. "I'll go straight to the bottom." "Fay answered, despairingly, 'We all will. There'll be no other place to go!'"

"Like a flash all the mean things I had ever done rushed through my mind. I never knew before that crisis on the lake that there were so many of them."

"Suddenly Fay jumped up. 'I am going to put on a life preserver,' she exclaimed."

"There was none in sight. We began to hunt frantically. The boat pitched us in every direction."

"We looked on the ceiling, on the walls and even tore the cushions from the chairs. There was no sign of life preservers. Where could those men have put them? At last Mrs. Clark found them in a closet, covered with insect powder. We pulled them out and each grabbed one."

"Fay was wriggling into hers—it looked like a doughnut. I had on a cork jacket with the back to the front. 'Tie it!' I kept on screaming to them."

"Mrs. Clark had one on and was trying to get into another. We were all sneezing because of the insect powder."

"Mrs. Clark ran to the door for fresh air. 'Oh, girls,' she called. 'There is the steward bringing us tea. And the lifeboat is still in its place!'"

"Fay and I made a dive for the door. Yes, there was the lifeboat! I could hardly believe it."

"By this time the steward came up. 'Is the boat going to sink?' cried Mrs. Clark."

"Sink? No, everything is all right," he said.

"Why, that sailor was lowering the lifeboat," shrieked Fay.

"The captain came in at that minute. 'He was sent to fasten it more securely,' said the captain."

"Then why couldn't he say so?" cried Mrs. Clark."

"I never could tell you how those men laughed. We began to pull at those life preservers. When mine came off I looked as if I had been rolled in insect powder. It was a comfort to see the other two look as if they had just escaped from an insane asylum."

"My puffs are gone!" cried Fay, feeling her flattened head. "They were brand new!"

"It won't matter," said Mrs. Clark. "Brown puffs do not match yellow hair."

"Insect powder in my hair!" screamed Fay. "It's all that man's fault!"

"Did you really think you were going down?" asked the captain."

"Did we think we were going down?" we cried in chorus."

"He looked at the general disorder—upturned tables, stripped chairs, life preservers and contents of closets on the floor and our disheveled appearance. Then he turned to the steward and said, with a wink, 'It's the worst storm we've had in thirty years!'"

Justice for the Rooster. A government bulletin on the egret asserts that the barnyard rooster furnishes a great many fancy feathers that pass for "aigrettes." "Enormous quantities of fancy feathers," says the report, "are used by American milliners, but many that go for aigrettes are rooster tails."

SHE GOT RID OF HIM

By HELEN MILLER.

"Some men are born per remarked Miss Pearl Fatters, the stenographer from across the way as they ate their noon sandwiches together behind the files. "Why, Mr. Blewer is the only one out of captivity, that's who he is—and he just waited for handcuffs put on by me, but I couldn't see it that way—not with the prospect of Jimmy's getting more pay after New Year's! Mr. Blewer is tall and looks as though he was vanished. You know that kind—varnished collar and cuffs, and hair and teeth and everything!"

"I don't believe he ever sat down after his clothes were pressed till he got to our house. I never saw such a perfectly immaculate man. There wasn't a thing to object to in that line. He was always just right and I guess that's why he made me so tired."

"He's manager for the third floor at Pickle's factory and he can take a taxi whenever he wants to. That kind of dazzled me at first after hanging to a street car strap all the way home, but constant luxury soon palls."

"I trembled that man to count and he just hung around all the steadier. When I snapped his head off he merely murmured that he liked my sparkling vivacity and when I sulked he admired my dignified reserve. I for got engagements with him and he kept right on asking me. Why, do you know, if I ever forgot to keep an engagement with Jimmy he'd drop me like a hot potato! You can't fool with Jimmy! But Mr. Blewer, he just came right on. I'd keep him waiting an hour while I dressed and when I came down, instead of his gnawing his cane with rage, I'd find him comfortably reading a last month's magazine."

"If he brought me flowers I'd pin them on so they'd drop and get lost before we were a block away and when it was candy I always gave it to my little brother before him, saying I couldn't eat that variety of bunbuns. No, I wasn't ashamed of myself, because he might have had less conceit and more sense! A perfect lady hasn't much of any way of telling a man he's a bore and a back number with her except by the indirect lighting system—and if he's as blind as a bat that isn't her fault!"

"Well, I had to get rid of Mr. Blewer somehow, because Jimmy was beginning to paw the air and breathe hard and I didn't want any duel on our front doorstep and my picture in the papers labeled, 'Beautiful and wealthy society girl, heroine of a romance!' Not for me! I have a little pride left!"

"How do you suppose I got rid of Mr. Blewer—now, honest? Perfectly simple, my dear, and I'm telling you in case you get desperate some time, same as I was. I suddenly began dropping hints to him what a wonderfully fine cook I was and how I hated pounding a typewriter all day when my soul just longed for a gas range and a sack of flour and a recipe book. I said the dream of my life was to have time to cook delicious things that would melt in your mouth and that sometimes when I could persuade mother to go and visit her sister I got the dinner."

"He actually stuttered trying to say fast enough that he'd like so much to be invited to one of my own dinners some time, and after hesitating coyly I said he might have the chance soon. 'Mother is peculiar—she's so frightfully honest—so I had to get her out of the house before I could turn the trick. She nearly gave me heart failure the last minute by saying I guessed she wouldn't go to Jessie's that day after all—but I'll rush home from the office that night I told my kid brother and sister that if they so much as peeped at anything they had to eat that night I was no longer a sister of theirs—and then I set to work."

"Sugared the soup and spiced the saoth into the boiled cabbage and burned the meat till it was like leather and flavored the gravy with vanilla. I'd bet no cannonball was ever harder'n the biscuit I turned out and I made an apple pie that was lumpy and half done inside and not sweet enough and with a doughy tough crust—and if there's anything worse than that I'd hate to have to eat it!"

"Oh, it was a splendid dinner of its kind and I hoped that Blewer man's plate. I made him out two helpings of everything—there was plenty because the kids couldn't swallow a thing and stared at me so bewildered at the handout sister had cooked, I nearly died laughing inside!"

"Toward the pie Mr. Blewer began getting pale and soon after he said he must be going. I told him I had so enjoyed having him see what I could do in the culinary line and said yes, it had been a wonderful illuminating experience. And hasn't been near me since! Not a word do you think of that?"

"I think you probably killed the man with your cooking," replied the stenographer from across the way. Chicago Daily News.



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The Parcel Post.

Going Far From Home.

(Lexington Herald.)
Five journals of Lexington sent to Erie, Pa., Friday by parcel post for 32 cents.

Come On, Ye Delinquent.

(Hagerstown Herald.)
Now that the parcel post is under way and we can receive almost anything and everything by mail, we would not be amiss to consider a big nice country plan or something like that on subscription.

Slow To Get On To It.

(Baltimore News-Democrat.)
Judging from the number of packages being held in the post office because of the failure of those who mailed them to comply with regulations of the addition to the postal department, it seems to me that the parcel post law is not yet thoroughly understood.

Village Rivalry.

(Lawrenceville Herald.)
W. S. Thomas was the first to receive a package by parcel post on January 1. G. O. Patterson following quickly with the second. Mr. Patterson ascribed to be the first sender of a package, but Coleman Gearing is winner of that honor.

The First Patron.

(Morgantown Sun.)
Clyde Leonard was the first resident of Morgantown to send a parcel post package through the Morgantown office. He sent a package to Louisville that would have cost him not less than 25 cents by express and 16 cents by mail. The parcel post charge was 6 cents.

Fair Business at Owensboro.

(Owensboro Messenger.)
The volume of business, while not as heavy as anticipated, indicates that the parcel post service is to be used by a great number of shippers, both individuals and firms. Eighty-five packages, a total of 100 pounds, were shipped at the local post-office Tuesday, and the local post-office is handling more than double the volume of business.

GREAT AUK'S EGG?

Maybe, but Nevertheless, It Arrived at the Breakfast Table in a Scramble.

By MARGARET MANNING.

Professor Ferdinand Brinckhofen wandered into the kitchen of his summer bungalow, on the Maine shore. His wife was washing the dinner dishes.

"Ellen, my dear," he said, "Doctor Cavendish, of the Natural History Museum, will be here this afternoon. Can you get up a meal for him? He has to start back tomorrow morning."

"I suppose so, Ferdinand," answered his wife, a little tartly. "You know, of course, that we haven't much in the house to offer a guest. However, I'll do my best, and if he will be satisfied with it he's welcome. Why is he coming all this distance just to spend the night with us?"

Professor Brinckhofen put his arm round his wife's waist and kissed her.

"I know you're busy, Ellen," he said. "Next summer we'll get a maid." And he wandered out, while his wife went on washing. She dried the last plate and set it aside.

"I wonder just why Doctor Cavendish is coming here for one night," she said to herself.

Professor Brinckhofen engaged a rowboat and pulled round to the railroad terminal, where he arrived just in time to greet Doctor Cavendish as his visitor stepped out of his car.

"Well, what did you think of my letter?" he asked, after the customary greetings had been interchanged.

Doctor Cavendish took his friend by the arm. "My dear old enthusiast," he answered, "to be frank with you,



"Good Heaven, Brinckhofen, it isn't it!"

I am sceptical—wholly sceptical. It sounds too good to be true. If you had told me that you had discovered a buried Indian village or a dozen asteroids I would have accepted your word without question. But a great auk's egg—no, my friend. You have probably mistaken the egg of a crested grebe or tufted puffin for that of the auk."

"But the great auk did range as far south as Maine in the last century!" cried the professor.

"And the last specimen was shot in 1844."

"No, Cavendish, in 1912. I tell you it was an auk. I shot the brooding bird, but it fell into the water and drifted out to sea before I could get a boat. But the egg—it was an auk's egg, and it was warm. I took it home and I'm incubating it."

"What does Mrs. Brinckhofen think of it?"

"She doesn't know anything about it, of course. I don't believe in telling my wife a professional secret. And the joke of it is—she nudged Cavendish in the ribs—"It's incubating with a clutch of eggs that she set out last week under one of our hens. It couldn't be safer anywhere."

"Show me!" said Cavendish sceptically, and they entered the rowboat and, a few minutes later, rounded the point of land behind which the Brinckhofens had their bungalow.

"There was where I shot her," said the professor, pointing to the high, towering cliff. "I didn't mean to, either, but I was so excited that I couldn't bear to think of her getting away. Now, before we do anything else we'll go straight to the clutch."

They climbed the hill and entered the little garden of the bungalow. In one corner was the hen house, and, in the center, seated upon a clutch of eggs surrounded with straw, was a gray hen, which looked at them with malignant eyes and half opened her beak as though to protect her treasure.

"Shoo!" said Professor Brinckhofen, and the hen slowly rose and retired a few paces, where it crouched with flapping wings and an irate expression. Professor Brinckhofen plunged his hand into the clutch and drew out the precious egg. It was a little larger than that of a goose.

"Good heavens, Brinckhofen, it isn't it!" yelled Doctor Cavendish, and, carefully replacing it, he seized his friend round the waist, and the two graybeards executed a dance.

Mrs. Brinckhofen watched them out of the kitchen window.

"I suppose that is Doctor Cavendish," she said pityingly. "I wonder why they are dancing in the hen-house."

She sat down and meditated upon

the subject until the men came in. Then she welcomed Doctor Cavendish with smiles.

"Come, Cavendish, I want to show you my laboratory," said Brinckhofen, dragging his friend away as soon as he decently could. They went into the professor's little bare room and began discussing the great discovery.

"Of course it goes to the museum, Brinckhofen," said Cavendish. "It will be worth a thousand dollars to you."

"A thousand dollars!" exclaimed the professor. "You are joking, Cavendish. Why, the egg alone would bring that at auction."

"Yes, yes, I'm speaking about the egg," said Doctor Cavendish irritably. "What are you speaking about?"

"Why, the auk, of course. Don't you know that I put it there so that it would hatch? Why, we'll have a real live bird, Cavendish. I shall sell it to the Zoological society, and I'll patch up the egg after it has hatched out, and I'll let you have that for a thousand. And the bird will lay more eggs, and I'll get a thousand apiece for those too, and—"

"I say," interposed Cavendish, "remember it isn't hatched yet. If I were you I would tell Mrs. Brinckhofen about it."

"Tell Mrs. Brinckhofen! Why, she'd tell the neighbors and they'd steal it or do something to it! Never trust a woman. No, it is safest just where it is."

They argued with some lack of equanimity until dinner time, when Mrs. Brinckhofen ejected them into the dining room.

"Hum! I'm hungry as a bear," said Doctor Cavendish, pulling his napkin across knees. "What have we here? Scrambled eggs? Fine!"

"I don't know whether you like scrambled goose eggs," said Mrs. Brinckhofen. "They say they're very nice. I found one under our biddy—it must have been laid by one of Mr. Gilles' geese, for it wasn't there last time I looked. So I thought that as we hadn't many eggs I'd try what it tasted like."

"Woman!" gasped the professor, springing to his feet, "do you mean to say you—scrambled that egg?"

"Yes, dear," said Mrs. Brinckhofen sweetly.

(Copyright, 1912, by W. G. Chapman.)

HOT BREAKFAST MEANS MUCH

Success or Failure of the Day Depends to a Large Extent on First Meal.

"When a singularly successful business man was asked the secret of getting on in the world, he modestly said his wife deserved most of the credit, as she always had a good breakfast ready for him every day in the year, served punctually and piping hot. He further said that poor food, especially in the morning, was responsible for many business failures, for the man who sets out on a cold morning with cold, indigestible food in his stomach is ill-prepared for the business battle. It takes time and planning, but it pays to serve good breakfasts. It means getting up early enough to insure against rushing about and fretting when things go wrong, but the wise woman counts it no sacrifice to send her husband off cheery and well fed. There are plenty of ways in which a woman without help may manage, and even if she keeps a maid she will find plenty to oversee and correct day after day. The women who rise early to get breakfast for their husbands unite in saying there are possibilities in the early morning hours realized later in the day. When other women are sleepily getting up, the thrifty housekeepers have their morning work done and are ready to get the children off to school. There would be fewer failures in school work if all children were sent to the school room well fed in the morning. If they were aroused in time to dress leisurely and eat a hearty breakfast there would be fewer cases of nervous prostration among teachers. A cup of hot cocoa, a poached egg, good toast and well-cooked cereal served to the entire family in the morning and eaten in a leisurely manner would rob hospitals of many patients and give doctors and surgeons extra vacations every year.

Theories About Rainfall.

While we in this country have been suffering for some years from a lack of rain, some parts of Europe appear, according to statistics, to be getting more rain every year. Observations at the Observatory of Paris show that from 1804 to 1924 the average yearly rainfall was 502 millimeters (an inch is about 25 millimeters). In the next twenty years the average was 507; then from 1845 to 1872 there was an increase to 525; in the next twenty years it was 553, and in the last nineteen years the average has grown to 584 millimeters—about 23 1/2 inches.

The commonest theory to account for this is that the smoke and dust rising from a large city favor the condensation of moisture. But this theory runs counter to the experience of London, the smokiest city of Europe, where no such increased rainfall is recorded.

And in some of the mountainous regions of France the increase has been as much as 73 per cent, as compared with thirty years ago.

Worse and More of It.

"Concord! Concord!" shouted the brakeman, as the train pulled into the station during a tremendous outburst of thunder and lightning.

The clever woman grasped her umbrella firmly.

"Not only conquered," she ejaculated, "but taken by storm!"—Youth's Companion.

The Love Letters of a Confederate General

WE begin in the November issue a series of real love-letters written over fifty years ago by one of our national heroes to his sweetheart during the period of '61 to '65. This great general will go down to posterity as having accomplished one of the most brilliant feats of arms in the history of the world. He was as great a lover as he was a general, therefore these letters combine authentic history and exquisite romance. They sound a human note that no other work of literature has done in a decade; it is war, it is romance, it is history, it is literature. You simply can't afford to miss this wonderful series—an inside story of the Civil War now published for the first time and containing all the freshness of a contemporary happening. These letters will grip you hard, and hold your interest from first to last. Fill out the coupon and send it now before you forget it.

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15 Cents a Copy One Dollar a Year
Enclosed please find 25c. for which please send me P.R. for Nov., Dec. and Jan.
Name.....
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THE PICTORIAL REVIEW CO.
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Bronchiline

A safe, pleasant remedy for Coughs, Colds, and all Bronchial affections. It relieves congestion and soothes without containing anything in the nature of an opiate. Has been in use for more than twenty years, and in that time, has been used and indorsed by leading Physicians in all sections of the United States. BRONCHILINE is the ideal expectorant. We are not asking you to experiment with some new remedy. Call for BRONCHILINE and take no substitute. A trial will convince you that BRONCHILINE is the best. Keep a bottle in your home—two sizes 25 and 50 cents.

Ohio County Drug Co.

HARTFORD, CT. KY.

PETER NEAL RICHARDSON CO.

LEARNS HIS NAME AFTER 51 YEARS

Minister's Search for Identity Lost as Boy, at Last Rewarded.

Springdale, Ark., Jan. 3.—Rev. David L. Leonard, erstwhile Rev. David Johnson, "Little Dave" to the few who remember the frightened, beleaguered youngster they sheltered when, one day in 1851, Federal artillery captured a houseboat at Ozark Landing, on the Arkansas, came into his own today. For the first time in fifty-one years he

referred relatives and learned what he never knew before—his name.

With telegrams in his hand from the families of three brothers and sisters in the South urging him to meet them, the minister sat at the home of his sister, Mrs. J. C. Johnson, in Springdale, told his part of the story, and matched data with some of the pioneers and ended by legally announcing the name David Johnson.

David's parents moved from his birthplace, Knox County, Tenn., two years before the war to Opp, Ark., near Fort Smith. When mother and father, called neighbors placed David and four brothers and sisters aboard a houseboat in charge of a slave, and started them for their old home in Tennessee.

Following the capturing of the boat David disappeared. The other children were taken aboard of a passenger boat at the landing and on to their destination. Next day David was found by a farmer a few miles from Ozark, peeping on the river bank. He was 3 years old, and his name, he said, was "Davey." Some months later, James Johnson and his family at Greenville, Tex., came through Ozark in a covered wagon and adopted the homeless boy.

The Johnsons journeyed to Kansas City, lived there four years, and then went East in the wagon to Mountain View, At Jasper, Marion County, Tenn., David grew up, and in 1891 was ordained a Primitive Baptist minister. From the moment he learned to read and write he devoted his spare time in the search for relatives and a name. The Johnsons told him all they knew of his history, but he found names and dates at Ozark forgotten when he sought to learn of his way there. Two months ago he received a letter from the family of Thomas Leonard of Koppel, Tex., saying they had recognized in his story, told in an Arkansas paper, the connection with their own family history.

The letter directed him to Mrs. Johnson and when he came to Springdale today the identification was made complete.

Mr. Leonard now lives at Elkhart, Ala., is married and has eleven grown children. The Johnsons, mostly wealthy farmers, are planning a reunion of the family.

And there is where we make a dated mistake. Only as we give do we give. Only as we lift others do we lift ourselves. Only as we bring joy into life do we really live.

Dr. Miles' Anti-Pain Pills

are relied upon to relieve pain, nervousness and irritability in thousands of households. Of proven merit after twenty years' use, you can have no reason for being longer without them.

At all Druggists, 25 doses 25 cents.

MILES MEDICAL CO., Elkhart, Ind.

THE RIGHT START.

Someone has said that the way we start the New Year will in a measure be the way we will spend it. Believing that there is probably some truth in this statement, we want to urge on you a "right start." Now to make matters short, we want your business in 1913 and we believe that it will be to your interest to come our way. By doing this we are sure, beyond any doubt, that you will be starting right.

Beginning to-day, we are putting many lines in our winter stock at a big reduction. Call and see them, and remember that IT PAYS TO TRADE WITH A HOUSE THAT SAVES YOU MONEY.

FAIR & Co.
THE FAIR DEALERS

Hartford Republican.

FRIDAY, JANUARY 10.

M. H. & E. Railroad Time Table at Hartford, Ky.

L. & N. time card effective Monday Aug. 21st.
No. 112 North Bound due 7:19 a. m. daily except Sunday.
No. 114 North Bound due 3:40 p. m. daily except Sunday.
No. 115 South Bound due 8:45 a. m. daily except Sunday.
No. 113 South Bound due 1:46 p. m. daily except Sunday.
H. E. MISCHKE, Agt.

U. S. Carson pays cash for furs. Adm. Nathan Rosenfield spent Sunday in Louisville.
Jailer William Minkoff has been out on sick for several days.
Mr. F. T. Jacobs was a pleasant caller at this office Saturday.
Rev. Ed. Wesley was a caller at the Republican office Saturday.
Mr. Adam Nays and Gene Grant, of Middlesboro, were in Hartford, Sunday.
Mr. Fred Chapman, of Kenton, was a caller at this office Monday.
Mrs. L. E. Carson, of Paducah, is visiting her daughter, Mrs. W. R. Hays.
Mr. Thomas Duke, of Sandhollow, was a caller at the Republican office Wednesday.
Mr. Byron Dean, route 1, was a pleasant caller at the Republican office Tuesday.
Mr. Herbert S. Sanders was in Owensboro this week visiting his mother, Mrs. Cook.
Sgt. J. H. Miles and Mr. Tom Krown were pleasant callers at this office Wednesday.
Miss Hattie Glenn and Miss Laura Ford were pleasant callers at this office Thursday.
Mr. Ben Leach, of near Canwell, was a pleasant visitor at the Republican office Wednesday.
Capt. and Mrs. S. K. Cox left Wednesday for a visit with their daughter, Mrs. Charles E. Rogers, of Elkhorn, Ky.
Mr. and Mrs. Hancey E. Duke, and Mrs. J. W. O'Bannon returned Sunday from Central City, where they visited friends.
Messrs. D. D. Felix and Milner Holbrook left Monday for Lexington to resume their work in the State University.

Mrs. E. W. Cooper left Monday for her home at Nashville, Tenn., after a visit here with her parents.
Mr. D. L. Harris and family, of Louisville, Ky., visited Mr. J. R. Miller and family at Beaver Dam last week.
Dr. J. A. Duff and wife, of Dundee, arrived yesterday to visit Mr. Byron Dean and family, of East Hartford.
Mr. Henry Loney, who is clerk of the Board of Supervisors, was a caller at the Republican office Wednesday.
Eug. and Mrs. O. E. Scott, of Paducah, and the proud parents of a fine boy, had arrived at their home Monday morning.
Mr. A. R. Carson will leave tomorrow for Louisville to resume his work as traveling salesman for the Kentucky Clothing Co.
Mr. J. T. Bernard, of near South Hamilton, Ky., is visiting his brother, Mr. Mayworth Bernard, city, and also his brother, Mr. Monney Bernard, of route 3.
WANTED—Reliable, energetic man to sell lubricating oils, greases and paints in Ohio and adjacent counties. Salary or Commission.
STETSON OIL CO., Cleveland, O.
Dr. H. L. Kitz, who formerly lived at Centertown, died at his home at Day, Tex., Tuesday. He married Miss Ada Brown, of this county, and both were well known here. Dr. Kitz was buried Wednesday at Waco, Texas.
Willie Owen of Hartford and his son, of Central City have opened the restaurant building on Depot street from H. S. Lamon, and will open up a restaurant and bar near about Jan. 6. We hope that the new firm will make a success.—Fayetteville Argonaut.
The County Board of Supervisors are in session in the court house this week, and will not adjourn before about Tuesday of next week. Those on the board are Messrs. Thos. Krown, Thos. Benton, E. F. Bender, A. E. Minkoff, W. C. Wallace, and Mr. Barry Loney, clerk.
Mr. John C. Hiley, cashier of the First National Bank, sustained some severe bruises and scratched his back badly when he slipped on the icy pavement in Louisville last Friday morning. His son, Dr. A. B. Hiley went to Louisville immediately and stayed with his father until able to leave for home Wednesday morning, arriving in Hartford that afternoon. He stood the trip splendidly considering his pains and on arriving home was taken home in a carriage. Mr. Hiley's friends hope to soon see him out again and wish him a speedy recovery.

Mr. James King, who has been dangerously ill for some time, is thought to be improving.
Postmaster John H. T. Smith, of Nashville, paid the Republican office a pleasant visit Saturday afternoon.
Mr. Mike McGinnis, who has been dangerously ill at his home near Hartford for several days, was taken to Louisville Wednesday for medical treatment. He was accompanied by Mr. J. H. Ballou.

Hartford was shaken in local darkness Tuesday night on account of some of the Connecticut telephone companies' wires falling on the wires of the Hartford company, and it was necessary to shut the light plant down all night. The trouble was soon found and repaired Wednesday.

A negro from Evansville was drowned on the Ohio River at the mouth of the muddy creek yesterday afternoon. The report that reached Hartford of the drowning was rather meagre, but the report was that the man was looking over the side and in some manner fell into the water and drowned.

The Ohio Circuit Court convened in regular session at the court house Tuesday morning with County Judge H. F. Westing presiding, and County Attorney C. E. Smith and the following Magistrates present: J. L. Dalton, J. H. Miles, Grant Pollock, Louis Gruber, Mack Cook, C. Carl Jackson, and Thos. Smith, Esq. C. E. Smith, of Paducah, was unable to come until late Wednesday afternoon, on account of being ill.

Miss Hattie May Smith, who is teaching in Owensboro, and Mr. E. T. Smith, a graduate Ohio county teacher, were married in Owensboro in the parlors of the Christian Church parsonage, Tuesday of last week. They were the guests Friday and Saturday of Hon. and Mrs. M. L. Houser of this city. Mrs. Houser is an aunt of the bride. Mr. and Mrs. Smith have many friends here, who wish them much happiness.

Robert Nye, a lecturer of notes, will lecture at the opera house next Tuesday evening before the members of the Hartford College Young Men's Association. Mr. Nye's last year delivered more than 20 lectures and is one of the best speakers on the platform today. He took some interest in the author, Harold Bell Wright and delivered last night which Mr. Wright wrote many novels, including "The Winning of Barbara Water" and "The Heart of the Matter."

Thursday was the birthday of Mr. Q. C. Stinks, who is probably the oldest citizen of Hartford, and on that day he was ninety-two years old. Mrs. Stinks is quite active for her age and acts as if she were many years younger. She also has a sister, living below Beaver Dam, Mrs. Sara Ann Austin, who is ninety-four years old. Mrs. Austin is the mother of Mr. Harrison Austin. Both ladies have many friends who wish them the continuation of many years of useful lives.

Mrs. Lora Tate and Mr. H. Q. Quisenberry were united in marriage Wednesday at 12 o'clock at the residence of Judge and Mrs. R. H. Wedding. The ceremony being performed by Judge Working. They left that afternoon on the L. & N. for Owensboro, where they will spend a few days before going to their home near Olaton. Mrs. Quisenberry for some time has been a paid employee at the Cumberland Telephone office, and is a most estimable and worthy lady, and Mr. Quisenberry is to be congratulated upon his choice. Mr. Quisenberry is one of the leading farmers and timber men in Ohio county and is the owner of a splendid farm. The Republican joins their many friends in wishing them happiness and success.

Many Thanks.

I take this means of thanking each one of my customers for their very liberal patronage which made 1912 the best year of the 12 years I have been in the jewelry business, and as I still aim to increase the quality as well as the quantity of my stock, I earnestly solicit a reasonable share of your future business. Wishing you many good wishes for 1913, I beg to remain,
J. B. TAPPAN,
The Reliable Jeweler and Optician.

Farms for Sale.

Improved and unimproved farms for sale. Call on or address,
E. J. WESLEY,
R. 3, Hartford, Ky.

Baptist Church.

(REV. E. H. ENGLISH, PASTOR.)
A hearty welcome and a warm invitation will be given you Sunday at the Hartford Baptist Church,—come.

The pastor, Rev. E. H. English, will preach at 11 a. m. on "Education," and at 7 p. m. on "Look and Live." All are cordially invited to attend these services.

Here is a remedy that will cure your cold. Why waste time and money experimenting when you can get a preparation that has won a world-wide reputation by its cures of this disease and can always be depended upon? It is known everywhere as Chamberlain's Cough Remedy, and is a medicine of real merit. For sale by all druggists. Chaplain.

SALE OF TOBACCO TO BE CLOSED MONDAY

Price of A. S. of E. Pool Practically Agreed up Thursday.

The Republican, realizing the importance of the sale of the A. S. of E. pool tobacco, late Thursday afternoon called Owensboro by telegram to ascertain if the sales committee of the American Society of Equity and the Hous. Wagonage, of Owensboro, had closed the sale for the tobacco.

Mr. L. N. Robinson, secretary of the Home Wagonage, stated that no sale would be closed this week, but that the price had been practically agreed upon and in all probability the sale would be closed Monday morning. It was stated that the price would be made without a doubt Monday. We were unable to learn the price agreed upon, but it was stated that the price was entirely satisfactory to the buyers and the Society.

Marriage License.

The following marriage license have been issued at the office of the county clerk this year:
Rosen, Grant and Alice Palford, route 1 Narrows.
G. W. Harden and Mary M. Aubrey, Middlesboro.
Hoscoe Mathill and Laura Pulkerson, Harlow.
Henry Stephens, Centertown, and Lizzie May Williams, Harlow.
M. A. Hines, Ligonville, and Ida C. Stevens, Harlow.
H. W. Quisenberry, Olaton, and Laura Tate, Harlow.

In The Oil Field.

The West Kentucky Oil Company had the misfortune to lose their drill in the well they are drilling on the Howard farm, and work has been suspended until the arrival of special tools which will be used in "fishing" the bit out of the well.

The oil business has been somewhat quiet here since before the holidays, and all of the oil men who were leaving have not returned from their visits home for the holidays.

Work on the Rough River Oil and Gas Company's well on the Weller farm is still in progress.

The Wood Oil Co. has resumed drilling on the well on the Cox farm after some more bad luck.

The Trials of a Traveler.

"I am a traveling salesman," writes E. E. Youngs, E. Parkville, Mo., "and was often troubled with constipation and indigestion until I began to use Dr. King's New Life Pills, which I have found an excellent remedy." For all stomach, liver or kidney troubles they are unequalled. Only 25 cents at all druggists.

Ring Lost in Hartford.

Lost on the streets of Hartford sometime Wednesday, a child's plain gold band ring, with words "Bessie" engraved on inside. Finder please return to this office and receive reward.

Common School Examination.

The regular examination for Common School Diplomas will be held January 24 and 25 at Hartford and Paducah. Every teacher in the county having pupils who have completed the common school course should urge their pupils to take this examination. Every pupil in the county who intends to take advantage of the opportunity to attend high school should attend as this is the only way to get free tuition.

—HENRY LEACH, Supr.

Ready to Grind Corn.

I have just received a new corn mill and am now prepared to do your grinding. Give me a call.
JEFF WATKINSON, the Blacksmith.
Hartford, Ky.

BALD KNOB.

Jan. 7.—Health in this neighborhood is not very good at this writing. Mrs. Elsie Sanders is very ill. Aunt Rachel Gilchrist, who has been sick, is some better.

Mrs. J. A. Davis is able to be up some now.

Mr. L. D. Taylor is not getting along quite so well lately.

Mr. L. D. Taylor, Mrs. S. M. Taylor, and daughter, Elsie, spent last Wednesday at Mr. R. A. Sanders'. There will be a prayer meeting and singing at this place next Saturday night. Everybody come.

Mr. and Mrs. Chester Lough's baby is quite sick at this writing.

Satin Pumps

In all colors, perfect fitters, bench made turns, sheepskin lined, high Cuban heel, beautiful silk chiffon rosettes with satin centerpiece, detachable straps.

Price \$2.50

ROSENBLATT'S

Hartford College

Offers splendid opportunities to the young man or woman contemplating entering school. MID-WINTER TERM begins

January 20, 1913.

New classes will be organized for those desiring High School work. Tuition FREE to all holding county diplomas. A strong normal class will begin the work at that time. Our students have been very successful in securing certificates and are giving splendid satisfaction as teachers. If you wish to raise the grade of your certificate and fit yourself to do better work as a teacher, join this Teachers' Training Class. For further information, address

H. E. BROWN, Pres.

A. E. ELLIS, V. Pres.

HARTFORD LOCAL

A. S. OF E. WINS

Banner Over Other Locals Will— Hold It for Three Months

At a meeting of the American Society of Equity held recently at Beale, Hartford Local No. 64 was awarded the banner over all other locals in the county. The banner is held for three months by the winning local or until another local wins it from them. Some of the points to be considered in adjudging the winner are:

Largest paid up membership; highest graded number of meetings in the quarter; Omaha average attendance; For greatest amount of work done, including securing of tobacco and other pledges, acreage, etc.

Hartford local won the banner over something like twenty other locals. Hartford local being the first to hold it before Hartford local. This friendly rivalry among the various locals will do much good and will promote to a large extent the very purpose of the organization itself and that is co-operation.

Mr. A. R. Tabor, of Crider, Mo., had been troubled with sick headache for about five years, when she began taking Chamberlain's Tablets. She has taken two bottles of them and they have cured her. Sick headache is caused by a disordered stomach for which these tablets are especially intended. Try them, get well and stay well. Sold by all dealers.

A Surprise Birthday Dinner.

Last Saturday, January 4, the children of Mrs. Julia A. Remfrow assembled at her beautiful country home one mile from Dundee, to celebrate the birthday anniversary of her birth giving her a surprise birthday dinner. 'Twas a typical January day. Old Sol shone out with all his effulgence and the snow-capped hills and valleys caught and reflected his rays till all the north seemed filled with gems of silver light and old Remfrow behaved beautifully by taking a back seat. It was a surprise indeed to the aged mother. As each one approached her with congratulations and good wishes, tears of gratitude welled down her cheeks, and in

response expressed herself as being one of the happiest events of her life. She received several nice presents and a congratulatory letter from her son, Dr. G. B. Remfrow who resides in Texas and could not be present. At the noon hour she was invited out to the spacious dining room, where a very elaborate spread awaited her. Those present were Mr. and Mrs. Virgil Remfrow, Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Duff, Mr. and Mrs. Wm. H. Remfrow and sons, Edward, Russell and Shady Maunice, Dundee; Dr. and Mrs. T. D. Remfrow and son Herman, and daughter, Edith, Miss Helen, Ligonville, Ky.; Dr. and Mrs. S. J. Wedding and son Walter, Hartford; Messrs. Dee, King and Varda Nabors, Dundee.

Her advanced age and failing health weigh heavily upon her and when the time arrived for the guests to take their departure, she was too overcome to say goodbye. All departed after having spent a most enjoyable day.

One Present:

Notice.

To A. S. of E. members. All members Rosine Magesand district be represented at Balesdown next Saturday evening at 1 o'clock.

E. P. SANDFUR, Sec'y.

SOLITE OIL

the Lamp Oil that Saves Eyes

Nothing is more important in the home than clear, steady light. Insure this by getting the oil that burns clear and clean without a flicker down to the last drop. Pennsylvania crude oil refined to perfection. Costs no more than the kerosene kind—saves MONEY—saves WORK—saves eyes. Your dealer has SOLITE OIL in barrels direct from our works.

Chas. C. Stoll Oil Co.

Louisville, Ky.

Refinery at Warren, Pa.

We sell the celebrated "No Carb" Auto Oil.

For Union Workers

Important Happenings in
Industrial Circles in This
Country and Europe

Pittsburg, Pa.—The strike of trainmen at the Homestead and Edgar Thomson plants of the steel corporation assumed a more ominous aspect when the company called in all the strikers and paid them off. This unexpected dismissal of 900 men was made immediately after a conference the strikers committee had with President A. C. Dinkley of the Carnegie Steel company. Mr. Dinkley asked that the men return to work pending negotiations, but refused to order the reinstatement of four yard trainmasters who were discharged for circulating petitions. The men rejected Dinkley's suggestion.

St. Petersburg.—Co-operative organizations of consumers are numerous in Russia, and in the number of people interested are second only to those in Germany. They made rapid progress in 1911, chiefly because the prices of necessities are increasing much more rapidly than earnings. Last year there were five thousand co-operative organizations, consuming co-operative organizations, the sum of their yearly returns amounting to 100,000,000 rubles (\$51,000,000).

Boston.—The decision of the board of arbitrators on the request of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers on the eastern railroads was rather a disappointment to many of the men, the concessions granted not being as favorable as was expected. While the decision was pending the management of the several local railroads deferred all conferences with committees of other organizations. It is expected that they will now be taken up.

New York.—Announcement was made here of the formation of unions in nine trades which have heretofore had no such organizations. The new unions include the shoe repairers, the clip sorters and rag pickers, the hat band makers and the sailors' washable suitmakers. Preparations for another strike of waistmakers here are under way. A decision by the union, which has 30,000 members, mostly women, is expected soon. The strike two years ago was unsuccessful.

London, England.—To devise means of forcing parliament to devote all of its next session to measures to raise the standard of life for working people, a national conference of members of the Independent Labor party and the Fabian society met recently. A minimum wage, shorter working hours, complete insurance against sickness, prevention of unemployment and healthful homes for the laboring classes are among the demands.

London, England.—Established in 1812, the London West End Upholsterers' Trade society claims to be the oldest trade union in existence. It was instituted at the Upholsterers' Arms, Poland street west, on October 1, 1812, with twelve members, and recently held its centenary dinner at the Drill hall, Chelsea street west. In 1895 it joined the amalgamated union, but in 1905 resumed its separate existence.

New York.—A fine gift made to the New York Association for the Blind is the fireproof factory building, costing over \$100,000, which was presented by Miss Emily Howland Bourne and was dedicated recently. It is to serve as a model workshop for blind men who make brooms and cane chairs, but besides this it is to be an experimental station where the fitness of various trades for blind people can be tested.

New York.—It was announced that the National Civic Federation has organized a national department on industrial mediation laws, with Marcus M. Marks as chairman. Twelve years' experience of the conciliation department of the federation in dealing with industrial disputes has shown, it is declared, need of new as well as amendatory legislation, both federal and state.

San Francisco.—Frisco unions employed in the garment making industry are planning the organization of a district council. The proposed council will include the Independent Tailors' union, Journeymen Tailors' union, Garment Cutters' union, Independent Ladies' Tailors' union, Cloakmakers' union and United Garment Workers' union.

Pittsburg, Pa.—The United Mine Workers lead in gains in wages during the recent year, with an increase of \$5,000,000, the Western Federation of Miners following with \$3,244,500, the boot and shoe workers being third, with \$3,200,000, and the maintenance of way employees being fourth, they having obtained an increase in wages of \$2,000,000.

Washington.—By a referendum vote in the subordinate locals of the International Union of Painters, Decorators and Paper Hangers of America, the majority has decided against the proposition to withdraw from the building trades department of the American Federation of Labor.

New York.—Out of 18,606 men who got shelter at the municipal lodging houses in this city in the last year one-third were skilled laborers.

Houston, Tex.—Texas State Council of Carpenters is working on a plan to build a home for the indigent and disabled carpenters of the state.

Sydney, South Australia.—To ameliorate the condition of working men and make them more self-dependent the labor council in Sydney will provide \$500,000 annually for the use of workmen who desire loans to enable them to build a dwelling house or enlarge the one already occupied or to discharge mortgages on their homes. The law requires that those who are to benefit by this money shall earn four-fifths of their income by actual personal exertion and that they shall not have an income exceeding \$1,500 a year.

Minneapolis.—The twelfth biennial report of the Minnesota labor bureau made two years ago showed that more than ten thousand persons were killed or injured in the industries of that state in one year. The labor department believed that this number could and should be materially reduced. As a result of its activity to this end and the co-operation it received from the employers, there has been a reduction of 23.6 per cent. in fatal accidents and of 28.6 per cent. in nonfatal accidents during the last two years.

Boston.—At the request of the employers, Boston Wood, Wire and Metal Lathers' union has elected a committee to confer regarding the wages and rules for on and after May 1 next. In recent years the lathers' union has given the employers six months notice of any desired change, and has not bothered about conferences, its rule being that no union man will work for other than the conditions established by the union on and after May 1 of each year.

Atlanta, Ga.—The Atlanta Federation of Tradea some time ago decided to hold a meeting, to be continued for three days, the purpose of which is to intensify the interest in the organized labor movement of the south. The four general problems to be taken up are agitation, education, legislation and organization. The dates that have been selected are December 8, 10 and 11, including sessions in the evening.

Brooklyn, N. Y.—The law limiting to 54 hours a week the employment of all women in manufacturing will be tested for its constitutionality. The test case was brought by William Hoelderlin, a candy manufacturer, who had himself arrested on October 7 for violating the law. He was released on a writ of habeas corpus, the case was adjourned by Magistrate McGuire, and it is to be argued before Justice Blackmar of the supreme court.

Washington.—Samuel Gompers was re-elected president of the Federation over May Hayes of the International Typographical union. The vote cast was: Gompers, 11,974; Hayes, 5,074. The convention defeated the United Mine Workers' resolution calling for future elections by a referendum vote of the federation's 2,000,000 members. Seattle was chosen as the 1913 meeting place. Richmond and Indianapolis also wanted the convention.

New York.—Reports submitted to the annual convention of the New York State Brewers' association here show that the brewing industry is the seventh largest in the United States, and that it pays higher wages than any other industry in this country. New York state, with 157 breweries, has an annual output of 14,000,000 barrels, of which 10,000,000 are credited to New York city.

Victoria, N. S. W.—The prosperity which marked the year 1910 in the Australian state of New South Wales continued throughout 1911. There were but minor industrial troubles. The further increase in the cost of living was met to a large degree by increased wages. The chief difficulty was the housing of the increased population. Building operations reached record figures during 1911.

Washington.—In addition to the satisfactory employer's liability and workmen's compensation act which all civilized lands (with the exception of most of the states of the Union) have on their statute books, old age and invalidity pension laws have, likewise, been enacted by the leading countries of the world.

Hartford, Conn.—The strike of the 700 employees of the Colt Patent Firearms company here, where revolvers are manufactured for the United States government, closed recently with a victory for the men involved.

Berlin, Germany.—In Germany, electrical apparatus and wires carrying high voltage currents are marked by a warning sign consisting of a startling realistic lightning bolt and the German word for "danger."

Chicago.—Several thousand organized hodcarriers and building laborers in Chicago are now seeking affiliation with the International organization affiliated with the American Federation of Labor.

Chicago.—The Illinois Manufacturers' association has decided to form a casualty insurance company to write a casualty insurance under the new workmen's compensation law.

London, England.—Of the twenty-five thousand odd persons employed in government shipbuilding yards of the United Kingdom about two hundred and eighty are women.

TOKEN OF ADMIRATION

By JULIA CONWAY.

It had always been the rule in the Crompton family for the children to share and share alike, but when pretty Claribel, the eldest, received the day after her sixteenth birthday a beautiful basket of bonbons, a token of the admiration of a youth whom she had met while visiting in the summer, she inwardly rebelled at the prospect of seeing the delicious sweets melt away like the dew before the sun. For the young Cromptons always made remarkably short work of a box of candy.

"I speak first for that big piece of candied pineapple," said Alice as the children gathered around Claribel to see the delectable package opened.

"Can I have some of them candied violets, Claribel?" asked small Joe.

"No, you can't," Claribel quickly raised the basket beyond the reach of Joe's nose too clean hand. "You can't have any, because you said, 'them' instead of 'those.'"

"Well, I don't care if I did. You ate more'n half the taffy I bought with the nickel dad gave me for having my spelling paper right."

"And it was the first time he ever got a perfect mark," chimed Helen. "Why, Claribel, aren't you going to let us have any of the candy? You shut down the basket lid with a regular forever bang."

"Mayn't I have that pineapple to put in my lunch box?" asked Alice. "I guess if you had to take an old lunch to school every day the way I do, you'd—"

"No, Alice," returned Claribel with dignity. "I'm going to save this candy."

"Save it!" exclaimed all the children. "What for?" demanded Carita. "You know I had the toothache yesterday and couldn't eat any of your birthday candy. I think I ought to have a lot of this."

"And get the toothache again," scornfully remarked Claribel. "If you weren't such a baby about going to the dentist you could have your teeth fixed."

"Well, what good would it do if you're always going to save your candy?"

"I'm not always going to save it," replied Claribel in a tone of martyred patience, "but this is a very special basket of candy and I think if I don't want it all gobbled up the first minute I've a right to keep it. My sorority is going to meet here a week from next Saturday and I want to show all the girls this beautiful basket just as it is. Then I'll pass it around and you can all have some."

"Yes, after the sorority girls have picked it all over," grumbled Alice. "Some day you may wish to join my sorority, Alice."

Alice, being an aspirant for early election to her sister's sorority, looked somewhat chagrined and mentioned casually that it was time to be going to school. After the others were gone Claribel hastily looked about for a hiding place for her basket of candy. After a moment's desperate thought— for nothing was sacred in the house of Crompton—she flew into the library and secreted the candy with considerable satisfaction at her bright idea.

"Where on earth did you put your candy?" asked Helen the next day. "Oh, were you looking for it?"

"No, of course not, but I didn't see it anywhere, and I just wondered where it was."

"I suppose you all wondered," Claribel was smiling superior. "I just put it away."

Joe, coming in from play on the Saturday of the sorority meeting, forced his way into the library against the advice of his young sisters, who warned him that Claribel would be angry if he went into the meeting, which was always very secret.

"I don't care if it is a secret," declared Joe. "Claribel promised me some candied violets today and I want 'em."

"Joe, run right away," commanded Claribel as he entered the room. "You know you can't come to our meeting."

"I don't want to come to your meeting. All I want is the candy you said I could—"

"Oh, my basket of candy!" fairly shrieked Claribel. "It's all burned up."

"Why, how can it be?" asked Alice, who had rushed in, having been listening at the door. "Where was it?"

Claribel pointed at the fireplace. "I put it under the cedar boughs father brought in from the country to make the fireplace look pretty, and when the girls came today I thought how cheerful the fire would be and I lit it and forgot all about the candy!"

All her sisters, sorority and real, gathered sympathetically about the weeping Claribel, but Joe said, "I guess now you're sorry you didn't give me them candied violets."

Bobby's Circumlocution. Mrs. Kawler—Who is the smartest boy in your school, Bobby?

Bobby—Well, Johnny Smith says he is.

Mrs. Kawler—But who do you think is?

Bobby—I'd rather not say. I'm not so conceited as Johnny Smith—Boston Transcript.

Culinary Demand. "Sure, min," said the new cook, suddenly appearing in the doorway, "could I be after borryn' th' boss's safety razor for a little while?"

"Safety razor?" echoed Mrs. Noo. "What for, Norah?"

"Sure, min, I want to shave that rabbit before I shew him."—Harper's Weekly.

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Repairing and Dyeing
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Ladies work given
special attention.
Hats Cleaned and
Repaired.
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Children Cry for Fletcher's

CASTORIA

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What is CASTORIA

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We will GUARANTEE you a position if you write us real soon. We need many more students at once to supply the enormous demand for our graduates. As soon as we get the required number of students this offer will be withdrawn. So write at once for particulars.

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Buckbee's "Full of Life" Northern Grown Potatoes have a reputation of 35 years as successful seed growing behind them. It pays to plant the best.
Seasonable Specialties—
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Earliest Red Valentine . . . \$1.50 Bushel
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Extra Early Alaska . . . \$1.50 Bushel
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DOES DOMESTIC SCIENCE PAY?

How It Progressed In Warren County Despite Opposition.

THE OLD IDEAS ARE OVERCOME
The Good Work of Daisy Kite, Who Won a Fifty Dollar Prize For All Round Excellence, a Splendid Example of What Has Been Done.
We may live without poetry, music and art.
We may live without conscience.
We may live without heart.
We may live without friends.
We may live without books.
But civilized man cannot live without cooks.
—Meredith.
The old feeling of "my father didn't farm that way" or "my mother didn't learn to cook that way" is the most difficult thing to overcome in any old community. Practically everything that has come into our schools in the past has had a hard battle to wage



DAISY KITE.

against these two phrases. Fortunately here and there in the rural schools the teaching of sewing and cooking has gained a foothold. In Warren county this year the people were fortunate enough to have a competent woman go from school to school with her equipment in a wagon and give some instruction.

Naturally there was some grumbling among those who belong to the "old school," the school that believes that "what was good enough for me is good enough for my children," but something happened when the school fair was held this autumn. A number of prizes had been offered for exhibits of needlework and cooking; also, a grand prize of \$50 in gold to the girl showing the greatest amount of fine work in all classes. This grand prize was awarded to Daisy Kite.

As soon as the award was made known, some outsider asked "Where is this girl that has done so much splendid work, covering, sewing, beaten biscuit and fine cake making?"

A sympathetic smile flitted across a teacher's face as she replied, "Did you see the parade downtown this morning?"

"Yes. Why?"

"Did you notice a lame girl with a face written over large with the word 'PICK?' That was Daisy Kite. She does what the others do. In spite of the fact that she has been on a crutch since she had a hip crushed when she was three."

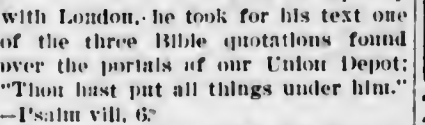
"Oh, her father is a farmer who rents somewhere out in the county here, and Daisy had been going to the country school in the neighborhood. It is just a case that shows that sewing, cooking, practical things, will pay in our school

system everywhere. If the work this year in the county has cost something Daisy Kite's opportunity that has come would pay the whole bill."
"What do you mean?"
"I mean that the whole neighborhood is now interested in the child and will see that she get a real education. And if that comes true Daisy will have grown. More than that, the neighborhood will have grown through doing good for some one. I am certain that there are hundreds of Daisy Kites in the nooks and corners of the state waiting to be touched by something vital in education. I don't mean the education that lies between the covers of a blue back speller, a reader or an arithmetic, but the education that appeals to the child because it fits for life's activities.

MESSIAH'S GLORY IS DRAWING NIGH

The Stones Announce the Signs of His Presence.

Pastor Russell at Washington Temple. The Beginning of His Pastorate. Texts For Three Discourses Found on the Front of the Union Depot. The Message of the Hour—Not the Burning of the World, but the Rolling Away of the Curse and the Uplift of Humanity Will Result From Messiah's Kingdom.



Washington, D. C., Jun. 5.—Pastor Russell of Brooklyn last week accepted a call from the Washington Temple Congregation, New York Avenue and Thirtieth Street. After some appropriate remarks re Washington as the only center of influence superior to Brooklyn and on an equality with London, he took for his text one of the three Bible quotations found over the portals of our Union Depot: "Thou hast put all things under him."—Psalm VIII, 6.

Pastor Russell declared this text specially appropriate for a great public building reared in the dawn of the glorious Age of Messiah's Kingdom. Although optimistic respecting the grand outcome of the Creator's Plan, Pastor Russell fully believed the Bible to teach that, preceding the sunrise of the New Age, there would be a dark hour of awful trouble, which is almost upon us.

He reminded his hearers that the old view now gradually fading from us is that Messiah, instead of coming a second time and setting up His Kingdom, delegated authority to His followers, one of whom should be spiritual king of the world and entitled Pope. Under this mistaken notion, well-meaning men have declared that if the hierarchy of Christ were authorized to reign, it should use the secular arm of power to compel all to acknowledge the papal throne as God's Throne, on earth. It is still claimed that each Pope in turn is Christ's viceregent.

Napoleon broke this spell when he took the Pope a prisoner to France. The world since then has doubted the viceregency and has held that if the Lord's Kingdom were in the earth, Divine Power would have upheld it, and no dishonor or ignominy would have been permitted.

The Bible Much Neglected.
The creeds have been revered, while the Bible has been neglected under the superstition that the creeds presented the Bible teaching in a simpler form. The rejection of the creeds has meant also the rejection of the Bible. The colleges of Christendom are turning out unbelievers. The horrible consequences will soon be manifest in the overwhelming of our social structure by anarchy. Thank God, that will be the opportune moment when Messiah will take the reins of government, to bless, to uplift!

Man a Little Lower Than Angels.
The Psalmist, considering the heavens as God's handiwork, was amazed that He should promise to deliver fallen man. He recites the glory and honor in which Adam was created—the head of all earthly things, in the likeness of God, "a little lower than the angels."

St. Paul quoted the prophecy and applied it in Hebrews II, 6-8. The Logos was made flesh like the first Adam, "that He by the grace of God might taste death for every man." The work of delivering the world from the power of sin and death had not followed more quickly the work of Calvary because, in the Divine Program, Christ must first lead forth an "elect" number of sons to glory. With the completion of their number will come the glorious time when the curse shall be rolled away and blessings come instead.

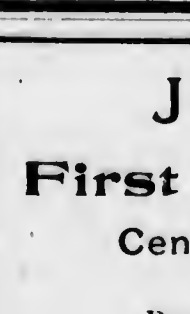
The Sanctifier and the Sanctified.
The word sanctified, the Pastor explained, carries the thought of being set apart to some special service. As the Lord Jesus sacrificed His every earthly interest to do the Father's will, so must all who would sit with Him in His Throne. St. Paul declares that the Sanctifier and the sanctified ones are all one—He the Head and they the Body members.

Then the Divine Program will carry blessings to all the families of the earth, redeemed with the precious blood of Jesus. These will partake of flesh and blood, therefore the Redeemer became partaker of the same, that He might not only redeem them, but destroy death and the destroyer. He will liberate the slaves of sin and death, roll away the Curse, and upon the prison-house of the tomb. Thus all will have fullest opportunity of returning to the image of God, Divine fellowship and life everlasting.

All Things Put Under Him.
The world will be officially turned over to Messiah at His Second Advent: "Ask of Me, and I will give Thee the heathen for Thine inheritance, and the uttermost parts of the earth for Thy possession." By the exercise of Divine Power Satan will be restrained and ultimately destroyed. Then the perfect earth will be delivered over to God, as St. Paul points out in I Corinthians XV, 25-28.

Are You Blue and Worried?

Nervous? Some of the time really ill? Cat-h cold easily and frequently suffer from biliousness or headache? The reason is that your system does not rid itself of the poisons in the blood, just as impossible as it is for the grate of a stove to rid itself of cinders. The waste due to us exactly what the cinders do to the stove; make the fire burn low and enough cinders have accumulated and then prevent its burning at all. Your liver is sluggish—you are dull and heavy—sleep does not rest, nor is food appetizing. In this condition illness develops. Doctor Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery eradicates the poisons from the body—a glyceric alternative extract made from bloodroot, golden seal and mantrake root, stone and queen's root, without the use of alcohol. No matter how strong the constitution the stomach is apt to be "out of kilter" at times; in consequence the blood is disordered, for the stomach is the laboratory for the constant manufacture of blood.



Mrs. Bess Blake, of Port Dover, Ont., Box 36, writes: "I have been a great sufferer for years from throat trouble, catarrh, indigestion, female ailments, flatulency, constipation and nervousness—and times I would be in bed, then able to be up again. Was under many different doctors' care, and would not better for a little while, then I would go down with chronic inflammation and through me. For nineteen years I had this poison in my blood. After trying nearly everything I got worse. I read in The People's Common Sense Medical Adviser of Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery, and I bought a bottle of Catarrh Remedy. I have taken the 'Golden Medical Discovery' and 'Pleasant Pellets,' and have used five bottles of Dr. Pierce's Catarrh Remedy. I am now able to do any work and walk with pleasure. I feel like a new woman. I enjoy everything and mean to stay that way for the rest of my life. I feel that I am well again."

Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets regulate liver and bowels.

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Couldn't Walk!

"I used to be troubled with a weakness peculiar to women," writes Mrs. Anna Jones, of Kenny, Ill. "For nearly a year, I could not walk, without holding my sides. I tried several different doctors, but I grew worse. Finally, our druggist advised Cardui for my complaint. I was so thin, my weight was 115. Now, I weigh 163, and I am never sick. I ride horseback as good as ever. I am in fine health at 52 years."

TAKE The CARDUI Woman's Tonic

We have thousands of such letters, and more are arriving daily. Such earnest testimony from those who have tried it, surely proves the great value of this vegetable, tonic medicine, for women.
Cardui relieves women's sufferings, and builds weak women up to health and strength. If you are a woman, give it a trial. It should help you, for it has helped a million others. It is made from pure, harmless, herb ingredients, which act promptly and surely on the womanly organs. It is a good tonic. Try it! Your druggist sells it.

Write to: Ladies' Advisory Dept., Chattanooga Medicine Co., Chattanooga, Tenn., for Special Instructions, and 64-page book, "Home Treatment for Women," sent free. 15¢

WANT GOVERNOR TO ENTER PRIMARY

McCreary's Friends Urge Him to Run For United States Senator.

Frankfort, Ky., Jan. 1.—After a conference which lasted in the early afternoon with Chairman H. H. Van Sant, Judge H. H. Young, of Mt. Vernon, and J. N. Chandler, Jr., of Louisville, Mr. McCreary held a conference with the result of the latter's view, but had nothing to say as to the subject and a discussion. The three visitors were equally silent. It was learned, however, that their mission was to ask Mr. McCreary to enter the primary for United States Senator. They had held a previous conference at which the whole question had been discussed, and they had determined to ask Mr. McCreary to get into the race. Chairman Van Sant came up to attend a meeting of the Geological Survey, but the two were shown into the Governor's private office as soon as they arrived, apparently by appointment. Mr. Chandler and Judge Young left immediately after the conference, refusing to make any kind of statement.

The conference is said to have taken in the whole situation under discussion and the organization of the party also was included in its scope.

Chairman Van Sant said that next week he will send out instructions to all the county chairmen concerning the election of Democratic precinct committee members January 18 and the election of new county chairman two days later. It is reported that a hard fight for control of the county organizations, in view of the senatorial primary, is being made all over the State.

"I have nothing more to say at present," said Gov. McCreary when asked whether or not he had decided to enter the senatorial primary.

Flying Men Fall.

Others to stomach, liver and kidney troubles just like other people, with like results in loss of appetite, headache, nervousness, indigestion, and sleep. Without running, flying, but there's no need to feel like that as T. D. Nichols, Henry, Tenn., proved. "Six bottles of Roland Nichols' Pills," he writes, "did more to give me new strength and good appetite than all other stomach remedies I used." So they help everybody. Its folly to suffer when this great remedy will help you from the first dose. Try it. Only 20 cents at all druggists.

The Ages of Apple Trees

It has been noted that some apple trees have lived to the age of from 30 to 40 years. Perhaps thirty years from the average. The "swags" seem to have extreme longevity, with instances of 60 and 65 years. The writer knows two instances that are still bearing at the age of at least 15 years.

When you want a reliable medicine for a cough or cold take Chamberlain's Cough Remedy. It can always be depended upon and is pleasant and safe to take. For sale by all dealers.

Select Best Potatoes for Seed.

While remarkably new varieties of potatoes are more likely to appear among seedlings, great improvement in staples may be made by selecting the best specimens for seed; and now farmers, again, may be helped in this manner. The tuber is a branch, not a root, and plants vary in their branches as well as in their roots. At the same time, while potatoes may vary in the hill, they can not pick there.

Demand For Small Mules.

For some years past there will be a demand for the small mule in the city delivery business, and properly matched pairs may sell well. So he also happens to be a mule. As long as we have a mule, we have a "mule" in the country the large mule and the small mule will stay with us. The American mule can never succeed in the past. Outside of the cities the mule and the mule will long remain summer fields.

Children Cry FOR FLETCHER'S CASTORIA

DUNDEE.

Jan. 6.—There have been several deaths just here in the last few days. Henry C. Wright, one of Ohio county's best citizens, died near here Wednesday night of pneumonia. He was sick only nine days. He was buried in the home graveyard Friday. His brothers, Tom and Quab, from Mansfield, Mo., were there. He was a wife, three daughters, and one son—Mrs. Dr. Denton, Altona, Kansas and Clara and son Charles. Henry C. Wright was a man who will be missed by his friends and neighbors. He was always ready to lend a helping hand to the needy, poor or distressed. He was 54 years old and belonged to the M. E. Church.

Benjamin Whitehouse and wife, while moving from Mr. Wild Paul's last Friday

with a load of lumber to another town, on the road they found their 2-year-old baby dead in its mother's arms. They think they had the little fellow's head wrapped too tightly and caused it to smother, as it had not been sick.

Old Uncle Sam Tanner died Thursday night, of old age and in grief.

Dr. M. T. McDowell, of Sullivan, Mo., who spent Christmas here with his wife and family, has returned to his home in Oklahoma.

Mr. Frank Mosley, of Memphis, Tenn., who was attending a medical school, spent Christmas here with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Mosley.

Dr. J. A. Huff is thinking of moving to Moberly in a few days to reside.

Dr. H. H. Hickey has moved from 400 to 401 South Main. He was formerly the doctor and his wife and family moved here.

Misses Isabel Anton and Jean Walker spent from Saturday and Monday with Miss Marie H. at St. Mary's.

Persons troubled with painful urinary ailments are often much benefited by massaging the affected parts thoroughly when applying Chamberlain's Liniment. This liniment also relieves rheumatic pains. For sale by all dealers.

Woman Handles City's Cash.

Atlanta, Ga., N. J., Jan. 4.—Miss Jessie Townsend, 21 years old, has been appointed city comptroller today at \$100 a year. She succeeds David B. Garrett, who was dismissed by the commission. Miss Townsend will have the care of more than \$100,000 and the sale of all bonds. Her signature will be necessary for every cent paid out by the city. She is said to be the only woman comptroller in the country.

ROLAND NICHOLS LEADER OF MEN

Delivered Nearly 200 Lyceum
Lectures Last Year.

Last season Roland A. Nichols delivered nearly 200 lectures, and every audience was enthusiastic. That is why he has been invited to lecture here.

The great interest that has been shown of late in the novel, "The Winning of Barbara Worth," which is among "the five best sellers" of the season, brings to mind that it was Roland A. Nichols who assisted the author of that novel, Harold Bell



ROLAND A. NICHOLS.

Wright, converted him to Christianity, helped him through college and interested his publishers in Mr. Wright's first volume, "That Printer of Udell's." It was in 1893 that Mr. Nichols, then an evangelist, first met "Harry" Wright, as he was then known, a tramp printer, at Grafton, O. The story of his conversion, his subsequent struggle to get an education at Hiram college, his entry into the ministry, and his later success as a novelist, make an interesting story, but we haven't room for it here. Mr. Nichols is a leader of men, a forceful personality and a great lecturer. He inspires confidence and makes people better without being "preachy."

Mr. Nichols will appear at Dr. Bean's Opera House, Hartford, on next Thursday evening, January 11, in his masterpiece, entitled: "The Man Worth While." It will be an entertainment of the highest order and well worthy of patronage. Speaking of him, the Hartford (Ill.) Daily Courier says: "The two addresses by Roland A. Nichols yesterday were masterpieces and a newspaper report cannot do them justice. He has a magnificent speaking voice and a sympathetic face. His enunciation is perfect. He has wonderful descriptive powers. The vast throng followed him from argument to argument and from illustration to illustration in profound silence. He had the rapt attention of the immense audience which filled the lecture room."

FLAWS SHOW UP IN PARCEL POST

New York Postmaster Finds Defects in System To Be Remedied.

New York, Jan. 1.—Although the official report of the United States of the parcel post system at New York is not to be released until after a long week-end, in these days Postmaster Morgan has found some defects which he has hopes will lead to 80 per cent improvement in the new service in the next months.

He disclosed today that he believed that the parcel post law was defective in that it did not permit small packages to be dropped into the street boxes instead of requiring that they be mailed at one of the designated post-office stations. Even a post office, if sent at parcel post rate, must now be carried to a post-office. Mr. Morgan also thought that in time the Government would be able to collect parcels, as the express companies do.

More than 800 persons made the mistake yesterday of leaving packages by parcel post without placing a parcel post stamp thereon. With the earnings of 2000 parcels for the new post were delivered at the different offices in this city. Postmaster Morgan believed the success of the parcel post business is assured. Although it exceeds by 200 per cent the estimate made for it during the first few days, and the New York office is hastening today to put a large number of extra clerks to work.

CASTORIA For Infants and Children.

The Kind You Have Always Bought

Bears the Signature of *Chas. H. Fletcher*

Land Sale For Taxes.

By virtue of taxes due me, the Sheriff of Ohio county, Kentucky, I will on the first Monday in February, February 3, 1913, expose at public sale at the court house door in Hartford, Kentucky, between the hours of 10 a. m. and 2 p. m. the following lands or so much thereof as may be necessary to pay the same as listed, viz:

NO. 1—EAST HARTFORD.

John T. Allen, 65 a. 1.75
J. M. Cooper, 5 town lots 6.25
L. M. Hargrove, 111 a. 22.15
R. B. Lewis, 100 a. 2.55
Jess Oliver, 51 a. 10.15
Joseph Schneider, 60 a. 8.15
N. A. Schroeder, 157 a. 21.55

NO. 2—WEST HARTFORD.

Clint Carpenter, 1 town lot 1.25
J. A. Nelson, 3 a. 5.20
Mrs. M. E. Patterson, 1 town lot 7.20
Mrs. D. C. Ross, 178 a. 33.50
C. B. Salinger, 3 a. 8.50

NON RESIDENT LIST.

J. J. Askins, 20 a. 3.10
W. C. Askins, 20 a. 3.10
A. W. Baskill, 1 town lot 1.35
Combs and Leach by D. M. Combs

16 a. 5.80

A. B. Crowder by L. P. Crowder 4

town lots 7.90

E. W. Crane, 58 a. 1.55

J. L. Giller, 255 a. 12.10

Brent Cooper, 20 a. 2.70

H. H. Daugherty, 40 a. 2.90

George Edwards, 20 a. 2.90

Postal Emery, 80 a. 8.70

J. W. Ford, 90 a. 11.55

T. A. Howard, 8 a. 2.25

John Harnall, 1 town lot 1.45

J. T. Hoover, 50 a. 3.75

H. L. James, 1 town lot 1.50

Mrs. Mattie James, by J. S. Taylor

75 a. 8.70

Robert L. James, 70 a. 8.70

Lansford heirs, by J. C. Lansford,

25 a. 2.90

Robert Bratcher, 120 a. 7.10

J. L. Meyer, 10 a. 2.25

Mrs. Sarah Mosley, by C. A.

Moxley, 35 a. 3.25

G. E. Miller, 50 a. 3.60

J. W. Pughall, 65 a. 1.85

T. J. Patton, by F. G. Patton

20 a. 3.90

W. O. Reed, 32 a. 1.45

L. C. Robertson, 12 town lots 4.35

E. S. Rowell, 1 town lot 1.60

G. W. St. Clair, 40 a. 2.60

J. B. Stogner, 60 a. 3.70

J. E. Smith, 2 town lots 1.60

J. F. Schroeder, 40 a. 6.15

C. E. Taggan, by J. B. Taggan

1 town lot 1.60

Mrs. Annie Taylor, 180 a. 8.70

M. J. Truman, 1 town lot 2.70

James Wade, 104 a. 12.50

C. S. Webster, 37 a. 2.60

Oscar H. Winn, 41 a. 1.20

NO. 3—BEDA.

L. L. Newsome, 180 a. 25.10
T. H. Nelson, 27 a. 2.90
W. A. Parks, 9 a. 8.90
C. B. Rapp, 61 a. 6.25
M. A. Tugals, 65 a. 8.65

NO. 4—MAGAN.

O. T. Buzza, 1 town lot 3.50
C. B. Buzza, 10 a. 8.55
J. P. Buzza, 75 a. 1.65
Joseph Clark, 20 a. 1.65
O. N. Farmer, 85 a. 10.90
C. D. Westcott, 81 a. 9.65

NO. 21—HUFFORD.

Mrs. J. T. Hudson, 10 a. 1.70
Annie Jones, 100 a. 5.90
W. M. Smith, 55 a. 10.85
H. S. Swickard, 62 a. 10.85

NO. 26—BARTLETTES.

J. T. Bartlett, 25 a. 6.55
J. L. Cady, 100 a. 2.65
H. H. Chapman, 87 a. 7.90
Ole Hall, 150 a. 4.25
J. W. Labe, 67 a. 12.80

Martin Jones by Ed Martin, 115

a. 7.90

Emma Lake, 40 a. 7.55

B. C. Nichols, 120 a. 17.15

J. H. Westcott, 48 a. 7.50

J. A. Ward, 116 a. 17.55

Mrs. Annie Kirk, 38 a. 2.50

NO. 27—HUFFMAN.

A. L. Bled, 100 a. 10.15
Jasper Boyd, 105 a. 13.90
Joseph Boyd, 40 a. 5.20
J. M. Peach, 2 1-2 7.75

Oscar Stringer, 70 a. 11.90

Ella Sullivan, 108 a. 13.35

J. W. Whitcomb, 70 a. 11.25

Charles Hawley, 20 a. 7.50

NO. 28—RALPH.

Mrs. Sallie M. Goss, 50 a. 5.90
J. S. Johnson, 6 a. 8.90
Mrs. Edith Morgan, 1 town lot 1.75
J. A. Morgan, 40 a. 2.15

J. A. Westcott, 70 a. 13.90

C. T. Westcott, 45 a. 8.70

NO. 6—BROWNE.

J. L. Buzza, 60 a. 7.55

James Buzza, 1 town lot 4.55

J. P. Simpson, 25 a. 3.70

J. J. Wilson, 50 a. 2.75

NO. 7—COOL SPRINGS.

C. R. Brown, 120 a. 18.15

Mrs. M. D. Brown, 127 a. 9.20

C. M. Garrett, 100 a. 11.20

J. H. Hargrove, 60 a. 5.70

NO. 8—NORTH ROCKFORD.

James Baker, 5 a. 6.50

W. M. Fipps, 61 a. 10.55

Edzie Lunsel, 1 town lot 2.90

J. M. Napier, 1 town lot 2.95

L. V. Payton, 35 a. 5.75

C. D. Robinson, 1 town lot 1.15

S. D. Robinson, 21 a. 3.90

Mrs. Mary Arp, 1 town lot 1.50

Richard McConnell, 1 town lot 10.75

NO. 9—SOUTH ROCKFORD.

Mark Austin, 1 town lot 4.40

Mrs. Emma Brown, 120 a. 1.35

J. W. Cox, 78 a. 6.55

John Ducker, 2 a. 6.55

Mary Fulkerson, 60 a. 1.95

Hester Jones, 10 a. 1.90

L. J. Robinson, 5 a. 8.95

H. L. Robinson, 37 a. 7.10

Mrs. Ruth Robinson, 37 a. 2.90

Hattie Shaver, 2 a. 4.20

H. C. Shaw, 46 a. 5.15

John White, 3 a. 4.10

J. L. Hendrix, 1 town lot 5.15

EAST BEAVER DAM.

G. W. Pool, 98 a. and one down

lot 11.90

NO. 14—WEST BEAVER DAM.

O. C. Cooper, 60 a. 8.50

Mrs. N. K. Newton, 1 town lot 5.70

NO. 15—MCHENRY.

R. C. Ashby, 1 town lot 3.35

Will Lee Fisher, 1 town lot 5.35

Mrs. Anne Hutchison, 1 town lot 3.75

Ole Hall, 1 town lot 6.90

John C. Loney, 1 town lot 7.90

H. C. Leach, agent R. S. Shuler,

far, 150 a. 16.20

D. H. Duke, 1 town lot 2.20

George Eganon, 2 town lots 7.90

O. K. Rowe, 1 town lot 12.85

Charles Smith, Sr., 2 a. 6.50

George Wakeland, 1 town lot 5.15

NO. 16—CENTERTOWN.

M. L. Ashby, 82 a. 13.65

H. J. Hill, 18 a. 4.10

J. A. Rimmer, 1 town lot 1.30

Mrs. Harriet D. Jones, 29 a. 2.55

S. F. Wallace, 40 a. 13.30

L. B. Wade, 1 town lot 4.55

NO. 17—SMALL HOUSE.

W. L. Brown, 2 town lots 5.25

E. Worth Brown, 12 a. 1.10

O. P. Brown, 40 a. 6.35

F. E. Kinnley, 1 town lot 3.35

NO. 26—CRITALVO.

E. M. Ashby, 2 1-2 a. 4.40

W. L. Ishart, 3 1-2 a. 5.70

E. C. Perry, 35 a. 1.40

Emery Tifford, 47 a. 10.15

NO. 27—POINT PLEASANT.

C. R. Coffman, 16 a. 12.75

W. H. Wright, 10 a. 5.15

NO. 31—RENDER.

Mrs. Bette Plann, 5 1-2 a. 1.75

Mrs. Jane Quinn, 1 town lot 5.50

Clyde Ward, 3 a. 7.50

NO. 4—SULPHUR SPRINGS.

H. M. Ashby, 50 a. 6.55

R. L. Cannon, 1 town lot 9.55

H. F. Crigger, 41 a. 8.30

Elmer Daffan, 8 a. 9.20

V. C. Daffan, 1 town lot 2.80

James Fitzhugh, 140 a. 21.20

Mrs. Sallie Finner, 119 a. 22.50

Oscar Huff, 45 a. 8.10

Mary C. Hamilton, 1 town lot, 1.55

S. S. King, 1 town lot, 3.75

Melvin Kinsinger, 40 a. 7.90

B. K. King, 108 a. 18.75

W. V. Sprawl, 1 town lot, 16.00

T. H. Tucker, 35 a. 3.90

J. H. Wright, 88 a